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Parkwood

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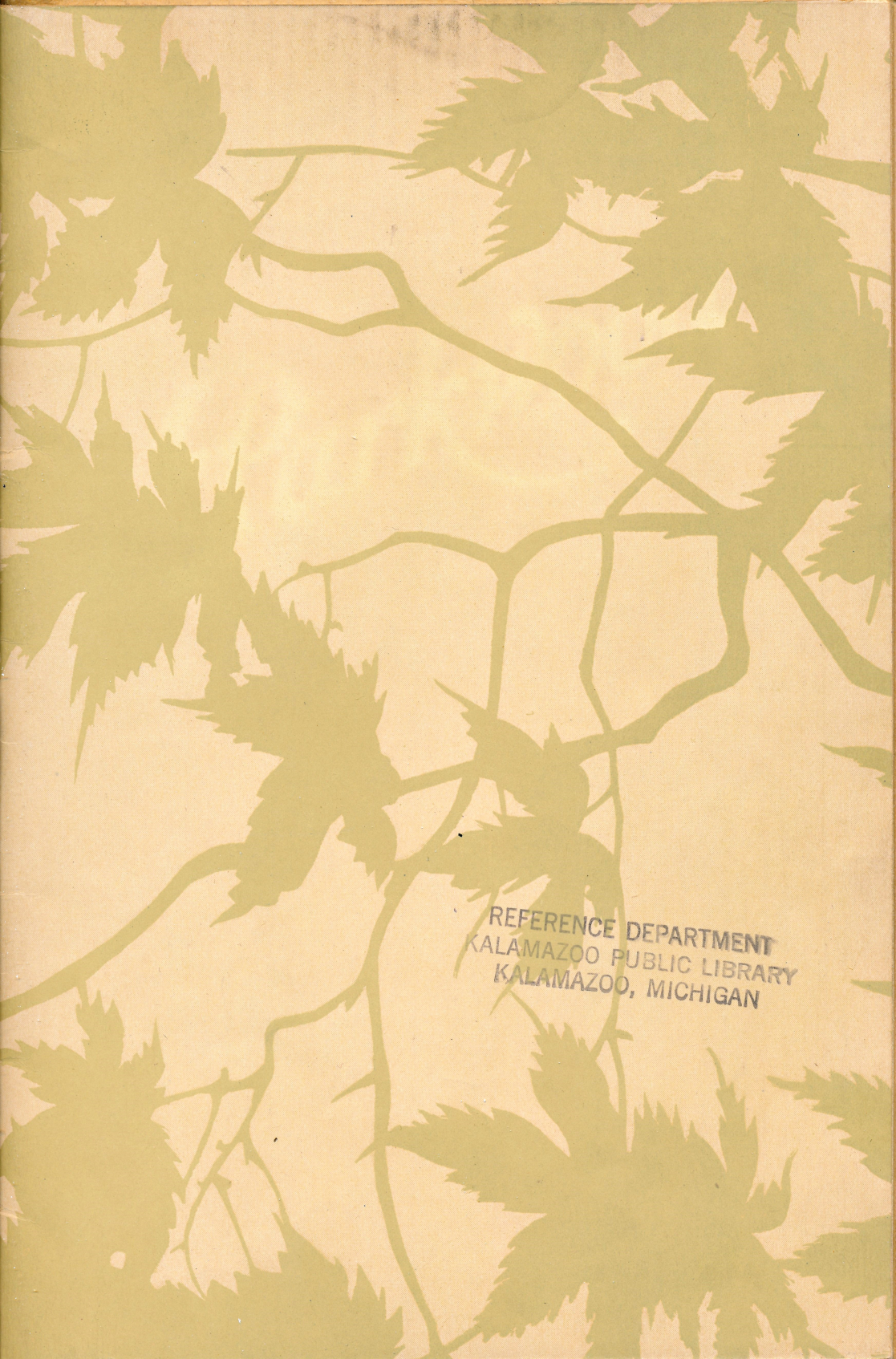
Jay Dood



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KALAMAZOO
MUST WAKE UP - WE CAN NOT LIVE IN THE PAST

WHEN Kalamazoo had a population of only 10,000—and that, by the way, was about thirty-five or forty years ago—it enjoyed the reputation of being the biggest, also the prettiest, village in this country.

In those days we had a few, only a few, manufacturing plants, notably the Austin and Tomlinson Company, the Dodge Plow Works, and one paper mill—the original "Kalamazoo"—which was then located south of the village.

The merchants—Charles Bell, the grocer; Wm. B. Clark, the dry goods man; M. Cohn, the tailor, and others in various lines of trade—depended largely upon the farmers for their business, and every Saturday afternoon and evening saw Main street lined with farmer's teams, which were tied to the posts which were furnished either by the village fathers or by the merchants themselves for the accommodation of their country friends and patrons.

For one ten-year period, away back yonder, Kalamazoo did not change in population to any appreciable degree, either in personnel or in numbers. The babies were born about as rapidly as the old folks died, and while those who were here and established in business were quite content to stay, there were no inducements offered to people on the outside to move in, aside from the attraction of well-kept homes, wide streets, grassy lawns and abundant foliage.

What Kalamazoo lacked in those days were those human qualities so much in evidence to-day, viz.: *Energy and hustle.* We had the capital—secured, for the most part, in farm mortgages—but we did not have the factories to give employment to labor. By comparison with other cities, Kalamazoo has had a wonderful yet steady and conservative growth during the past ten years. We have forged ahead, we have built factories and business blocks, we have gained much in many directions, but there is one thing we have lost, and that is our *civic pride.*

Sometimes villages are always villages, sometimes small villages grow into big cities, but whenever a village puts on city garments and fails to adorn itself with civic pride, it is like unto the man who displays an expensive diamond on a soiled shirt front.

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KALAMAZOO WAS ONCE A BEAUTIFUL CITY

IN the days to which we have previously referred, in the thirty-five or forty years ago days, visitors to Kalamazoo, to the "big village," as they termed it, simply raved over its beauty. Magazine and foreign newspaper articles frequently appeared which glowingly and without exaggeration, too, pictured it among cities as the beauty spot of the middle west, and it was always referred to by these writers as "the big and handsome village."

Unusually attractive it must have been, because its own citizens, and too when no strangers were present to be impressed, frequently used these words in their daily conversation: "This surely is a delightful town in which to live and rear our children, and we are truly thankful that our lot has been cast among surroundings so unusually pleasant."

And why not? The village was surrounded on all sides by beautiful hills, hills thickly covered with stately trees, principally oak and hickory, and as one stood in the valley and gazed upon the hillsides which were always dressed either in bright or restful green, or in the varied and fanciful colorings of a departing year, he must have been indeed dead to all sense of beauty, did he not revel, not only in the picture itself, but also in the thoughts which the picture set in motion.

In the valley rested the village, and rested it surely did. There were but few smokestacks in those days, belching forth volumes of grimy smoke and blackening soot, and aside from the fog which, while not always discernible to those who were in it, was nevertheless always to be seen hanging like a cloud over the "pocket," as one stood on the hilltop and looked down, the air was as pure as any air can be, which is practically "shut in."

The real beauty of the village itself, however, consisted in its natural forest trees and in its spacious and carefully tended home lawns. The average building lot was 4 x 8 rods in size, none smaller, and the houses were set far apart; hence there was always plenty of breathing space between the bedrooms in one house and those in the homes adjoining it. Each and every citizen of the town prided himself also on having the cleanest, the greenest and the most attractive front and side lawns and—then came a change.

COMMERCIALISM IS KILLING CIVIC PRIDE

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IN these days, when the common-sense pendulum seems to have swung far from its center, in these days when from the highest to the lowest, we are engaged in the plaintive cry of "wolf," the recent words of a noted Bishop furnish unusual refreshing reading. This is what he said: "The biggest benefactors in this world are the men who build factories and thus give employment to labor."

When Kalamazoo numbered only 10,000 people and had only a half-dozen comparatively small manufacturing institutions, its population was as large as it could give employment to and comfortably support. One day Kalamazoo commenced to wake up commercially, but, unfortunately on that self same day, it commenced to chloroform its civic pride.

Kalamazoo would not be one of the most prosperous and progressive cities of its size in this country today, it would not have increased in population nearly 40,000 in the last thirty-five years, most of this increase occurring during the past fifteen years, had there not been men who had faith in her future, men who invested their capital in manufacturing enterprises, and thus gave an opportunity for labor to find employment.

As factories were built, new homes had to be erected to house the added thousands from shop and office, and right at this point is where Kalamazoo made a mistake, both collectively and individually; a mistake which has not only marred the beauty of our city, but from the viewpoint of health, sanitation and morals, it is a greater menace than the thoughtless and unthinking either recognize or admit.

In the place of roomy lots and green lawns, we have today houses huddled so closely together that scarcely a breath of air can find its way between them, and our children, instead of playing on our own grassy lawns, are forced for their sport into the streets, the alleys or the public playgrounds.

In large cities, in cities of a half-million or more population, we look for this condition, and in a way perhaps, it is inevitable, but in a city the size of Kalamazoo, it is not only unnecessary and uncalled for, but in allowing this condition we are contracting a debt in many ways, a debt to good health and right living which, while easy to make, will cost us much sorrow and regret in the paying.

THE CALL TODAY IS FOR EFFICIENCY

THE word efficiency, in common with thousands of other words, appeared in Webster's first dictionary, but it was infrequently if ever used by our fathers, simply because there was no call to put into operation, to any marked degree, at least, the human characteristics it defined, viz: *Energy and power.*

Forty years ago, "making a living" was an easy matter as compared with today, because, for one big reason, our fathers lived simpler lives than we want to live or can live in this year of our Lord, 1913. They lived simpler lives, it is true, but they also, as a matter of fact, lived *shorter* lives, much shorter than is the average today, and the reasons for this are of course obvious, even to the somewhat careless observer.

Today, people recognize that pure, fresh air, plenty of it, an abundance of it, combined with healthful exercise in the shape of *work* for mind and body, is the best medicine they can possibly take, and proof that we are on the right track is furnished by the well-known average lengthened span of life.

Our fathers, for instance, lived in close, stuffy rooms, and worst of all, they slept in bedrooms from which every particle of fresh air was excluded. They ate large quantities of greasy, fattening foods, commenced to die when they were forty and completed the act as soon thereafter as possible. It did not cost as much, it is true, to live forty years ago as it does today, and it was not worth nearly as much.

While we get more, or at least we *may* get more, out of our lives than our fathers did from theirs, under their health abused living conditions, it is also a fact that very much more is demanded of us. Today the man who is not efficient is not wanted in any spot or place, and it is also just as true today as it was in the days that are gone and as it will be in the days that are to come, that we cannot be efficient, that we cannot live up to the demands made upon us, demands which must be met or, not meeting them we will surely fall by the wayside, unless we live healthy lives, and certain it is, no man can live a healthy life under unhealthy conditions and surroundings. And so we say again, every man in Kalamazoo who would be efficient, *must breathe more fresh air.*

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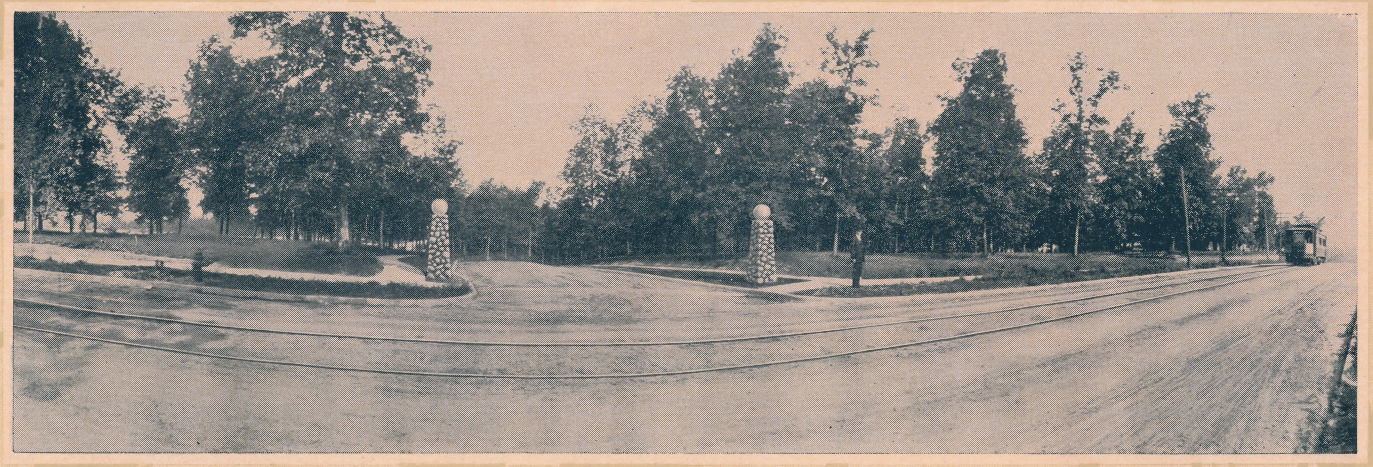
WHAT ABOUT THE HOME TRAINING OF OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

NO BODY of law makers has ever yet been able to think out and put into operation anything in the way of boy or girl training legislation which would in any way serve, except as a cheap substitute, for the proper and well regulated home life. Kalamazoo has of late received a large amount of free advertising relative to vice conditions said to prevail here, and while as a broad and general proposition we approve of clean advertising, we certainly question the propriety or good taste of airing our dirty linen in our own front yards. Vice conditions in Kalamazoo are no worse than in any other city of its size; our city officials and others interested in the general good are simply a little more energetic in their efforts to stamp out certain existing evil conditions than are the officials in some of our sister cities; only this and nothing more. Up to within the last few years, all of our efforts were confined to the punishment of crime, not to its prevention. Today we are placing responsibility where it rightfully belongs, and that is on the fathers and mothers, on our enlightened citizenship, and not entirely on the shoulders of the boy or girl who goes wrong. With reference to certain vice conditions said to prevail today in Kalamazoo, an official whose duty compels him to become conversant with causes as well as effects, says this: "My observation and investigations lead me to this one conclusion; in nine cases out of ten, where the boy or girl goes wrong, the fault is easily traceable to a lack of proper home training, to a radically wrong home environment." There are some who tell us that heredity—the physicial or mental characteristics transmitted from parents to offspring—is the governing factor in our lives, while others equally well informed and with vastly more logic, state that while heredity plays a part, environment, the places where we live, work and are amused, in other words our surroundings, the air we breathe, the language we hear and the things our eyes gaze upon, these are the things that either lift us up or pull us down. If you question the truth of this later statement, just take a walk through the crowded, congested tenement district of any city, and then go out to the hills where the song of the bird and the light of the sun can reach you, and then contrast your two conditions of mind.

THE MAN FROM TORONTO TOOK A TRIP

RETURNED HOME AND GOT BUSY

HENRY M. HYDE, in the Chicago Tribune a few days since, discoursed in a very entertaining way about a resident of Toronto who took a trip, returned home with a changed viewpoint and then got busy along the line of the community's general good. We call attention to this simply because it is the most natural thing in the world for the public spirited, loyal citizens of any community to become obsessed with the idea—through propinquity—that civic conditions in his home city are all right, or at least, that they are simply good enough. Mr. Hyde says that when the gentleman returned to Toronto, after visiting hundreds of other cities, that he was at once struck with the congested housing conditions prevailing, conditions which had been allowed a foothold, simply because, as is always the case, everybody's business had been nobody's business. Mr. Hyde says his man did not content himself with merely talking about wrong conditions, but he interested other citizens, and the result was a great awakening, a wonderful impetus given to civic pride and the resultant adoption of building laws which prevented further home building congestion. Has Kalamazoo been asleep, have we gazed so fondly at our own baby as to have seen only its dimples and none of its imperfections? Take a drive about our city, see the houses huddled so closely together that the eaves almost touch and then let this serve as an answer to the question. For many years we have utilized our beautiful hills for cemeteries, for the homes for our dead, and by so doing we have demonstrated our love and affection for those who have briefly preceded us, but, the time has now arrived in Kalamazoo's history when the living will be forced to do what of their own volition they should have done long ago, and that is, look to the hills for home sites. We are a neighborly folk in Kalamazoo, we love our kind—most of us—but that does not mean that either from a moral or sanitary viewpoint, we should all try to crowd into one room or live on one street. Hundreds of cities are not as fortunately located as is Kalamazoo; Kalamazoo can spread out, we have our grand and sightly hills, they were intended for the living, why not use them?



PARKWOOD

THE WEST STREET ENTRANCE

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PARKWOOD

A SPOT UPON WHICH NATURE HAS LAVISHED HER GIFTS

A NOTED writer once said: "Nature is an Aeolian harp, a musical instrument, whose tones are the re-echo of the higher strings within us." It is a well known, a generally recognized, a thoroughly undisputed fact today, that environment plays a very important part in these earthly lives of ours, and so it happens as the days go by, that the things we scoffed at yesterday, we pause and seriously consider today.

Nature once painted a beautiful picture; our fathers named it "Kalamazoo," and then we, her sons, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, proceeded to mar and destroy its beauty beyond all hope of repair. Nature was still more lavish with her gifts when she fashioned the hills that surround us, and praise be to Allah, man's greedy hand has been stayed in one direction at last, and so for all time, due to our restrictions, "Parkwood" in its natural beauty, in the grand sweep of its hills, its monarch trees and its cooling shade, will remain in all of its essential features, exactly as nature designed it.

We purchased "Winslow's Woods" several years ago, because after carefully considering and from every viewpoint, all of the high land surrounding Kalamazoo, we considered it the one spot which for scores of good reasons could be made an ideal residence section.

After purchasing the property, we engaged the services of a landscape artist who possessed the taste and good judgment to work with nature, not against her, and so in platting this property, our streets curve gracefully and conform to the contour of the land through which they run.

We have spent two years in time and $40,000.00 in money in improving Parkwood, and as an evidence that our faith in this property, in this particular location, as being the one most desirable spot adjacent to Kalamazoo for suburban home builders was well founded, we can give you the names of nearly a score of Kalamazoo's conservatively progressive citizens who, without any solicitation on our part, have within the past year purchased one or more lots on this plat.

We speak of suburban home builders, simply because this property lays outside the congested residence district. As a matter of fact it is well within the city limits, possessing all of the city's advantages, minus of course, many of its disagreeable features.

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NOTHING IN KALAMAZOO THAT APPROACHES IT

PARKWOOD is in a class by itself. You are not forced, fortunately, to take our simple word for this, because a ten minute ride on a South West Street car will take you to the property and you can then see for yourself. When we say that there is "nothing in Kalamazoo that approaches it" we mean just what we say, and as Parkwood is not located either in Florida or in Oregon, but within the city limits of Kalamazoo, you can, not only without effort, but also with positive pleasure to yourself, prove our claims. In nearly every other plat placed on the market in Kalamazoo, the owners have tried to see how many lots they could get out of their property, how small they could make their lots and still be able to dispose of them. In Parkwood you can buy lots with 75 feet or more frontage, lots that are from 200 to 300 feet in depth and, please take note of this, they are beautifully shaded with natural forest trees. Then too, Parkwood is situated on Kalamazoo's one and only boulevard. With reference to the boulevard, it is unnecessary for us to call the attention of those conversant with conditions in other cities to the fact, and it is a fact, that boulevard property is always the most desirable, is always the most eagerly sought after and always without exception, the hardest to obtain. Do you realize, good people, just how good, just how advantageous to you is the Parkwood plan we are now presenting for your consideration? Just be fair with yourself. Don't say, "Oh, these people have property they want to sell and of course they are playing it up to the best advantage." Don't say that, and refuse to investigate for yourself, because if you do you will surely regret it. We say to you candidly—and again we say also that a ten minute ride will enable you to look at this property and it will then speak for itself—that never before in Kalamazoo have you had an opportunity to purchase such ideally beautiful lots as we now offer you, and, when this property is disposed of, you will never again have a like opportunity offered you, because nature in her urn of beauty had the makings of only one "Parkwood," and with it she kindly favored Kalamazoo.

THE OPINION OF AN EXPERT

MR. PHILLIPS SPEAKS OF KALAMAZOO

WHEN Mayor Farrell appointed a Park and Boulevard Commission, the gentlemen composing it realized that in order to beautify Kalamazoo, a comprehensive and well considered plan was the initial and necessary step to take. After considering many men who could by their previous wide experience aid them in their work, they finally selected Mr. Phillips, of Detroit, as the man eminently qualified to render them the required assistance. Mr. Phillips came to Kalamazoo, spent many days inspecting the city and its environments, and at one of the meetings held by the Commission, he said: "I do not see what you people in Kalamazoo were thinking of; here you have—referring to Parkwood—the most ideally perfect park location I ever saw, but unfortunately you have allowed it to get away from you. In not one city in ten thousand," continued Mr. Phillips, "is there anything in the way of natural beauty, which will approach it, and it does seem too bad that you were not farsighted enough to throw it open for park purposes." When you visit Parkwood, you will fully agree with the sentiments so forcibly expressed by Mr. Phillips, but as frequently happens, the loss of the many, as in this instance, will result in a gain to the few. There are only a comparatively few lots in Parkwood, and when these are sold—unless you happen to be one of the lucky first purchasers—they will be out of your reach for all time, unless you elect to pay a fancy price. It goes without saying, that the fortunate owner of a lot in this ideal residence location will not part with it without a very substantial advance over the price paid by him, and so we candidly advise you to select your lot at once, paying the low price we ask you, rather than wait a year, lose the opportunity entirely, or otherwise pay fifty per cent more than you can purchase the property for today. Take a South West Street car, ride to the top of the hill, walk through the boulevard and then tell us, if you please, if we have exaggerated the beauties of Parkwood. Lest you forget, permit us also to again call your attention to the fact that this is not a large plat; that there are but comparatively few lots to be obtained in it, and that there is not a poor or undesirable one in the entire property.

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HER CITIZENS ARE LOOKING TO THE HILLS

CITIES, like individuals, frequently overlook and somehow utterly and entirely fail to recognize their greatest blessings. Sometimes and quite frequently too, we wake up when it is too late to take advantage of the opportunities that have been offered us, and that this will be true in the case of many of Kalamazoo's citizens with reference to the opportunity now presented to them, to obtain for a short time and at a very low price, a choice building site on one of our grand and sightly hilltops, goes without saying.

Take for example the cream of Kalamazoo's high ground, that natural forest beauty spot known as "Winslow's Woods." For a quarter of a century Kalamazoo mothers have allowed their children to play on these hills because they were near-by, because there were no railroads to cross, because they were located adjacent to the best resident portion of the city and they therefore knew their little ones would be perfectly safe.

For a quarter of a century, on every pleasant Sunday afternoon, hundreds of men, women, and children have made Winslow's Woods, now improved and named "Parkwood," the objective point of their weekly fresh air pilgrimages.

You wonder, we wonder, everybody wonders, why long before this someone did not improve this property and then offer it as we are doing, to Kalamazoo investors and homebuilders.

Perhaps any previous time would have been too early, perhaps our citizens had to be literally crowded out of the valley before they could see the advantages of a home site free from the annoyances of dust, smoke, and fog. One thing is sure, everybody today recognizes as never before, not only the artistic and pleasure giving advantages to be derived from a home situated on high land as against one located in the valley, but they have also come to know that from the viewpoint of perfect health, it is absolutely essential.

"Parkwood" is a three minutes walk from the South West Street car line, the best patronized, also the best service giving line in the city and as you know, in order to reach this handsome plat, there are no railroads to cross.

In telling you briefly about Parkwood, we shall indulge in no exaggerations, and we believe it will be to your interests to read the following pages carefully.

PARKWOOD

PARKWOOD PLACE AND GLENWOOD DRIVE
ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS

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PARKWOOD

BRONSON BOULEVARD AND MIDVALE DRIVE

To reach this property, take a South West Street car
and ride to the top of the hill

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

THE BIG AND BUSY MAN WHO LOVES NATURE

IT MAKES no difference whether or not we personally agree with Mr. Bryan, touching all matters both great and small; it argues not whether or no we are an admirer of the man first made famous by a few words uttered years ago at a National convention; these two things we must admit, that he is not only a big man but an unusually busy one. To some of us who are not either so big or so busy, it is a matter of wonderment that a man whose time is so fully occupied, should pause long enough to even think of nature, much less love her as Mr. Bryan evidently does. On Biscayne Bay in Florida, Mr. Bryan is erecting a winter home. The site selected is the crest of a twenty foot cliff which is surrounded on three sides by a dense tropical growth. In speaking of this site Mr. Bryan said: "After all is said and done, nature is the best landscape gardener." Neither Mr. Bryan or any other man ever said a truer thing. In these pages we tell you that we have expended approximately $40,000.00 in improving Parkwood; true, we have, but this money was spent in building wide and substantial roadways, roadways that are firmer, smoother and more enduring than any pavement in Kalamazoo, also cement walks, curbs, and gutters. The hills we have left as nature planned them, because we realized fully that we could not improve upon the work she had done. The roadways in Parkwood wind gracefully around the hills with no steep ascents, just a natural conforming to the plan evidently intended by nature, a plan by-the-way which is often spoiled by man's frantic efforts to improve where no improvement is possible. In this connection we call your attention to a remark made by a Parkwood lot purchaser, a Kalamazoo citizen whose artistic advice is frequently asked by many and always valued; he said: "I do not know whether you people luckily stumbled onto the plan or whether the laying out of Parkwood was the result of careful thought, but this I will say, however, that in no other plat in Kalamazoo has such good taste been exhibited, although it must of course be taken into consideration that no other plat possessed as does yours, such unusual natural beauty advantages."

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WHERE WILL HE FIND IT

THE MAN WHO IS LOOKING FOR A BUILDING LOT

SUPPOSE you want a lot today in Kalamazoo's valley, on which to build a comfortable home. Where will you find it? Are there any desirable building lots on West Main Street, Academy, South, Lovell, West, or in fact on any street in Kalamazoo's valley where you would want to erect a pretentious or even a medium priced home? Selecting a home site, therefore, becomes at once a serious question; there are many things to consider. The neighborhood, the street car service, the size of the lot, the home-making advantages, all of these things must be carefully taken into account.

Desirable lots in Kalamazoo's valley are very scarce, and when found the price is usually prohibitive. On many of our streets also, business places are encroaching on residence property to its very great disadvantage. Store buildings, garages, and other commercial enterprises are forcing many home owners to either dispose of their property or else live amid surroundings which, while highly respectable, are certainly far from ideally perfect from a home viewpoint.

Then too, when the average man or woman invests in a home they want to build it themselves. They want it as they want it, and there are no two people whose ideas run exactly parallel along this line. People certainly know better how to build comfortable, cosy and convenient houses today than they did twenty-five or even ten years ago. The same amount of money may be used to better advantage, and there is no waste space; every foot is used to advantage and in appearance it can be made very much more attractive and with no greater outlay of money than was possible even a comparatively few years back, simply because we have grown wiser in this respect as in many others.

You can buy a lot in Parkwood for a very little money; you can pay for it as suits your convenience and on it you can build a home which, we candidly believe, will in five years time, if you wish to dispose of it, bring you in cash double the amount of your investment. Do not forget that Kalamazoo is growing.

On the best street car line in the city, Parkwood is only ten minutes ride from the business center. In Parkwood you can own a large lot, breathe fresh air and enjoy all city conveniences.

PARKWOOD
THE BEAUTY SPOT OF KALAMAZOO

HOMER, speaking of beauty, said: "It is a glorious gift of nature." That Parkwood is a glorious gift to Kalamazoo, will be realized more and more fully, we opine, as the days swiftly slip into years and as the years pile themselves up, thus making Kalamazoo's history. Honestly now, what is the average right thinking man's sober thought as related to his life right here and now. First of all of course, he wants happiness for those he loves, and then, as naturally follows, he wants to be happy himself. Your wife and your children, Mr. Man, will surely get more of good out of their lives when lived amid beautiful and congenial surroundings than otherwise, and it is up to you to provide the environment. Feed your children on the beauties of nature; they will assimilate it as a plant does the sunshine and the dew, and as they play under the cooling shade of forest trees, as they mentally drink in God's bounty as he displays it in the hills he has founded, and as they breathe the pure air with which he fans them, they will grow morally as well as physically, into the strong men and women nature intended they should be, and which you inexpressedly pray they will be. And as for you, Mr. Busy Man, if we were indebted to you a thousand times and we could cancel the obligations by one single wish, it would be, that after your days work was done, you could leave store or office, take your way to a home in Parkwood and there rest and refresh yourself by nature's help, which you cannot do under less delightful surroundings. Parkwood is a dream in the early morning hours when nature first awakens; it is extremely restful with its shade and cooling breeze in the heat of day, and it is certainly a benediction at night as the stars come out and the shadows lengthen. A friend who visited this spot with us a few days ago, said: "I have visited many places and I have feasted my eyes on much that was beautiful in the way of scenery, but I have never before stood on ground that seemed to me to be in every way so ideally located for the purposes of a home. It is only a ten minutes ride from the business center and yet when here you are not only absolutely removed from city annoyances, but you are, it seems to me, in the garden spot of the world."

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PARKWOOD ON THE BOULEVARD

THE CLASSY AND ARTISTIC SECTION

THE dictionary tells us that a boulevard is "a broad street planted with trees." The man who gave us this definition had certainly never seen Bronson boulevard or the country through which it passes, otherwise he would have been ashamed of his meager description. Bronson Boulevard surely is a wide street, a long street and it is also lined with trees, but they were set out by nature and not planted by the hand of man. Kalamazoo's one and only boulevard connects every park in Kalamazoo, and in this connection we wish briefly to call your attention to Crane Park, located at the top of South West Street hill. Crane Park—a stones throw from Parkwood, by the way—will, we predict, when improved as is contemplated by our Park and Boulevard Commission, be one of, if not the most attractive and popular parks in our city. Located on the brow of the hill, one can from its height, look down on the city's spires and sky-scrapers as they poke their forms up through the smoke and the fog, or he can turn his gaze in any other direction and feast his eyes on the beauties of nature, on the sweep of the hills, on the grand forest trees, on "God's own country," as is so graphically described by Grayson in his "Adventures in Contentment." There are those of course to whom the beauties of nature do not appeal; we do not criticise these people, we are simply sorry for them. We are sorry for them because they miss so much, sorry for them because they cannot see "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." To the man or woman, therefore, who does not love nature, to the man or woman who prefers to breathe fog and smoke rather than the pure life-giving air of the hills, to the man or woman who prefers to live in the home congested valley rather than on the hilltop, to the man or woman who is content simply to exist and not really *live*, Parkwood will not appeal. To all others, it is the one ideal home location in Kalamazoo. We have expended nearly $40,000.00 on this plat; we have built cement walks, curbs and gutters, we have made broad, firm and artistically winding drives, we have done everything for it that man could do—but nature did infinitely more.

HOW TO OBTAIN A HOME IN PARKWOOD - ACT QUICKLY

IF you wish to obtain a lot in Parkwood, the best advice we can give you is; act quickly. Parkwood is not a large plat; there were originally only approximately one hundred lots to be disposed of and many of them have already been sold. Parkwood is different from any other plat in many ways, but this one feature is particularly noticeable; there are no poor lots, every one is desirable. It is simply a question of taste. Some prefer a lot directly on the boulevard, some would rather go a block or two farther back, while to others a West Street frontage appeals. It makes no difference where your fancy leads you in Parkwood, you will find there not only a lot to your liking, but it will also be a large lot. Here is one plat at least, where there is no cramping, where there cannot possibly be any crowding. Most of our lots have a frontage of not less than seventy-five feet and they run in depth from two hundred to three hundred feet. We call your attention also to the building restrictions in Parkwood which, as a lot owner, fully protect you. There can be no cheap "made to sell" houses erected, neither can the houses be pushed to the front or crowded to the side line in order to make room for two where only one should stand. We have as a matter of fact spared neither time or expense to make Parkwood the grandest and in every sense the best home location in Kalamazoo and we flatter ourselves that we have succeeded. From present indications there will not be an unsold lot in this plat at the expiration of thirty days, and so we say again, if you want one, act quickly. In order to inspect it, take a South West Street car and ride to the top of the hill, or if you prefer, call us by telephone, number 1421, make an appointment to suit your convenience and we will call for you with an automobile and take you out to the property. Remember, there is only one Parkwood, and when these lots are disposed of, your one best opportunity will be gone forever. It was Thomas DeQuincy, you will remember, who said: "I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still and the hills are high and stretch away to heaven, and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead; and then I shall be unhappy no longer."

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